--Part Two--

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

--Pages 9 to 16--

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THE WOOD HAULER.

One of the Odd Characters Found Within Reach of Country Towns.

The most faithful rural visitor to most of our Western towns is the wood hauler. Early and late, throughout all seasons and in every kind of weather he is on hand with his scant wagon load of stove wood. Noting his apparently tireless perseverance, one is apt to look upon him as an extremely industrious man. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the fact is that this very persistence is in itself a mark of improvidence and shiftlessness. A more energetic man would endeavor to increase his output in fair weather and thus be enabled to avoid the daily necessity of toiling in rain and snow. But the wood hauler is satisfied with the immediate present. He has no to-morrow, and his yesterdays are few and far away. He belongs to that easy-going ilk which a Western writer has termed "the branch water folk," from the characteristic fact that they never dig wells, but depend upon the nearest brook for their water supply. His team consists of a light sorrel mule and a flea-bitten mare who droops her head and tail as do all horses compelled to work side by side with their low-born hybrid cousins. The inseparable companion of this ill-sorted pair of equines is a squatty, tailless bulldog. In their numberless journeys to and fro he trots along just in advance of the team, except within the corporate limits of the town, where he invariably assumes a position between the rear wheels of the wagon. The wicked city is to the dog as to the wood hauler's ten-year-old son, who always accompanies him—a place of temptation, of viciousness and contumely. There are city-bred dogs and boys that take delight in decoying, fleecing and ridiculing their rustic relatives. So for the most part the country bulldog keeps close to the wagon when in town, with one sharp ear ever turned upon the pack of terriers at his heels, and the country boy likewise strives to avoid all contact with his urban cousins. But woe to the city dog that grows overbold and the town boy who becomes too presumptuous, for when rustic brawn chooses to assert itself among dogs or men it is apt to prove invincible.

The wood hauler himself is a quiet, contented man of few words and fewer ideas. His wants are chiefly physical and are supplied by cornbread, bacon and beans, with tobacco between meals and an occasional glass of liquor. His dress is limited in summer weather to a blue-checked shirt and a pair of brown overalls—with no underalls whatsoever. In winter these garments are supplemented by various superficial additions to the number of three or four. His home is in the ragged edge of the woods several miles from town. There he has erected a log cabin of three nominal rooms, two of which are separated from each other by a purely imaginary partition, which he intends to render substantial some day. He also expects to daub the chinks in the south wall next summer if he has good luck. In each corner of the main building is a heavy bedstead, which, perhaps, is of more interest to the ethnologist than to us, and a miniature stove stands upon one leg and three bricks in the middle of the room. The walls are festooned with old clothes and crinkling rows of half-cured "long green" tobacco hang from the low ceiling. There is a peculiar pungent, greasy odor of smoked bacon pervading the premises and clinging to the occupants so persistently that I am inclined to believe it sometimes exudes from their skin. By its means I have occasionally scented the wood hauler in the midst of the woodland, miles from home, and have been enabled to locate him as unerringly as the pointer finds the covey of quail. A visit to the wood hauler's abode cannot be made without one's seeing something of his large, luxuriant family of children.

The casual caller may not have the opportunity to study them, for, like all woodland fauna, they are shy and retiring. On the approach of a stranger they disappear as precipitately and mysteriously as a flock of fledgling quail, squatting among the weeds or dodging behind the house on the instant. In the summer time, however, there is a certain element of modesty as well as timidity in their flight, for they are likely to be very simply attired—largely, in fact, in the tawny garment nature gave them. But if the visitor chances to prolong his stay their innate, sylvan curiosity gradually gets the better of them and they begin to reappear simultaneously from all sides, tiny, tow-headed urchins gingerly holding up their trousers, big-eyed little maids carefully holding their scanty skirts down, all innocent, eager-eyed fawns—nymphs no one could call them—full of the gentle, sturdy, healthful life of the forest. Their mother, a withered, careworn, yet altogether careless wisp of a woman, whose age is somewhere between twenty-five and fifty, apologizes for their appearance and reproves them as a matter of hospitable duty.

"The children jist tears up their clo'es faster'n I kin git 'em made," she says ruefully, which is evidently a sober fact. "Jawnnie, whereonairth have ye been to git all that there dirt on yer face?"

Whereupon every youthful eye is turned upon the unfortunate scapegoat and each dirt-grimed face breaks into a sarcastic grin. Johnnie, in resentment, replies: "Got it down yander in the berry patch yisterdy, same place Jen got her'n, that's where."

The number of children which comprises the wood hauler's family is uncertain, but can be determined approximately at any time by the following simple formula, viz: Find the sum of his and his wife's ages and divide this by ten. For example: Supposing his age to be thirty-five and his wife's thirty, the number of children would be seven and a half, and it is always safest to count the fraction as an integer and say eight. The only practical difficulty met in this process is that the wood hauler is a little vague as to just how old he is.

Of the natural simplicity of their lonely home life it is difficult to form an adequate conception. Neither the wood hauler nor his wife can read a single word. All the news which reaches them comes on the droning wings of gossip. Nor have they the alternative of an active imagination. Their lives, their thoughts, even their very dreams are thoroughly, hopelessly commonplace. Yet while they are capable of little true enjoyment their lot is peculiarly free from pain. Their stern stolidity shields them from a thousand fears and pangs, which beset the more delicately organized, and thus the barren monotony of their lives is not without its compensation. The solitary stream which creeps along in silence through the dim ravine knows not the light and glory of the broad sky which stoops above the ocean, nor has it any knowledge of the storms which sweep the sea.

The wood hauler is a mental recluse, a relict of primeval ages and a living refutation of the theory of evolution, for the gentlest gradation could not place him above one generation from the most ordinary chimpanzee. E. O. LAUGHLIN.

THE WHEEL IN POLITICS

COMPANIES OF M'KINLEY AND HOBART CYCLISTS TO BE FORMED.

George N. Catterson Will Have Charge of the Organization in This County—Its Benefits.

There is a plan on foot to organize several companies of the National Wheelmen's McKinley and Hobart Club in this city. Walter H. Chamberlain, of Chicago, secretary of the national organization, was in the city yesterday and made preliminary arrangements. The organization of companies in this city and county will be in the hands of George N. Catterson, of No. 27 Kentucky avenue, who desires that all wheelmen who will take part in such companies will call on him and receive the necessary instructions as to organization.

This organization is national in its character and is operating under the Republican national committee. The object of the clubs is to do active work during the campaign and on election day. In the next two months there will be many parades and other demonstrations in which the wheelmen's companies will be expected to take part. It will be a new feature in political parades, but will be one that will add wonderfully to their effectiveness. There are four thousand or five thousand Republican wheelmen in this city, and if half of them could be organized into campaign companies they would make a very effective showing in a parade.

Companies will be formed of not less than thirty members and not more than fifty. Each company will select its own officers. Four companies will form a battalion and will be under the command of a major selected by the companies. Three battalions will form a regiment, which will be commanded by a colonel. If more than one regiment is formed they will constitute a brigade, to be in command of a brigadier general.

Mr. Catterson has undertaken the preliminary work of forming these organizations in this city and hopes to have the active aid of all Republican wheelmen, or others who may be intending to vote the Republican ticket this fall. He has all the papers necessary for the complete organization of companies and will furnish them to those who will undertake to organize companies if they will call on him at his office on Kentucky avenue.

One of the pleasant duties of these companies will be to escort the distinguished speakers who may come to this city during the campaign, and many of them are expected. The wheelmen will also be of much service on election day as couriers. They will be divided into small squads and a squad placed in each precinct for the purpose of carrying news to the committee headquarters and from precinct to precinct when it may become necessary. They will also be expected to bring the first report of the count of the ballots to the committee rooms on the night of the election. These are only a few of the ways in which the wheelmen will be of great service to their party; there are many other things for them to do, small in themselves, but of great importance in the aggregate.

Besides those who can give attention to the organization of such companies, and these Mr. Catterson requests to call on him, he desires that all who will become members send him their names and addresses so those who undertake the active work of organizing may know where to find prospective members.

Social Etiquette in China.

Philadelphia Record.

Since General Grant's visit to China in 1879 the Viceroy has kept up a casual correspondence with the Grant family. This is due mainly to the cordial relations existing between the wife of the Viceroy and Mrs. Grant. The Viceroy gave a dinner to the General when he was in China, but it was contrary to the customs of the country to have Mrs. Grant attend it. By way of compensation the Viceroy sent her each course to the consulate at the same time it was served at the dinner table.

Later on the wife of the Viceroy gave a reception to Mrs. Grant. It was the first time that anything of the kind had ever happened in the Empire. The wife of the Viceroy lives in the greatest seclusion. No foreign lady had ever before been received by her in her home. No men were invited to this reception. When it was nearly over the Viceroy appeared at the door of the drawing-room and looked on with amusement while his wife entertained Mrs. Grant and other ladies of the foreign colony. General Grant suggested that he would like to accompany the Viceroy, but the diplomatic Chinaman was lost in thought at the moment.

Her Reasons.

Detroit Free Press.

"Yes," she said, in speaking of it afterwards, "if he had pressed his suit I guess I should have accepted him, but coming as he did in a white flannel coat that looked as if it had been slept in, I had of course to refuse him."

Deep in the abysmal gloom of the Unknowable is the spring of Motive.

LIFE IN MINING CAMPS

QUEER SIGHTS THAT MAY BE WITNESSED AFTER THE SUN RETIRES.

Gambling Hells and Dance Halls—A Chautauqua Where the Model of Jerusalem Is a Roulette Table.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

CRIPPLE CREEK, Sept. 3.—The gold regions are the only live part of the United States to-day. Business is dull in the cities. The factory fires in many parts of the country are dead. The farmers are grumbling at hard times and the laborers are either out of work or almost ready to strike for more wages. This is not so in the Rockies. New prospects are being opened and the output of gold from the Cripple Creek district is averaging about a million dollars a month. There are 30,000 men now living and working within a radius of six miles of this town, and what five years ago was a cattle ranch has become one of the busiest parts of the United States. Miners now receive from $3 to $3.50 a day, and the mines are worked by day and by night.

You hear little talk of politics and little growling about the business depression. Every one is crazy for gold, and the chief subjects of conversation are the outputs of the mines or the new strikes which are promised on the hills all about you.

I wish I could show you this Cripple Creek region. It lies, you know, just back of Pike's Peak, and, as the crow flies, within less han 100 miles of Denver. It is two miles straight up in the air above the people who live on the edge of the sea, and its great gold treasures lie, as it were, on the very roof of the United States. You are very close to the sky. The air is so clear that you can see many miles. It is dry and pure and full of ozone. You seem to be breathing champagne, and you go on and on climbing the hills hour after hour until the night comes, when you find all at once that the stimulating atmosphere has worked your system to more than its full and you are ready to drop. Cripple Creek itself lies in a nest in these hills. The country surrounding it is in some places not much wilder than parts of Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio, and in others it is composed of mountains which rise gradually upward until the snowy caps of the furthermost peaks almost reach the clear blue sky.

GOLDEN STREETS.

The whole region surrounding the town contains gold. From it, in 1891, was shipped $200,000 worth of ore. In 1892 the shipments jumped to $600,000; in 1893 to $2,500,000, and last year to more than $8,000,000. The output this year promises to be at least one-third larger than that of 1895, and now the hills on every side are honeycombed with holes. You could not chase a fox over any one of the old grazing fields without breaking your horse's legs. Here and there you see great shafts standing out against the blue sky with piles of rock beside them. These are working mines, and those big frame buildings which frown down upon you from the hills are more productive of gold than was Aladdin's palace when it contained the wonderful lamp. The hills are covered with rocks, nearly all of which contain a small proportion of gold, and the very streets of the town are underlaid with low-grade ore. Cripple Creek is built upon the rocks, and the stony streets over which you walk are, I am told, worth from $5 to $10 per cubic yard. If the processes of reducing low-grade gold continue to improve, the town may some time have to be moved for the gold upon which it stands. A friend of mine took me behind a building in the heart of the city the other day, and in the wall of the excavation showed me a strata of light color running through the darker rock.

"That," said he, "contains gold, and it would pay to mine it. You can follow the vein and see how it crops out here in the alley beyond."

That same afternoon I met Mr. Frances, the editor of the Cripple Creek Mining Journal. He took me through the little pine building in which his paper is gotten out and then showed me in his back yard a shaft, about which there was a pile of dirt.

"That shaft," said he, "marks a prospect which our newspaper company owns. Some of the rock has assayed $20 a ton, and it may be very rich lower down."

CRIPPLE CREEK AND THE FIRE.

The town of Cripple Creek is a wonder. It is less than five years old, but it contains 12,000 people. It was burned down three months ago, but it is now fast being rebuilt. Some parts of it are being substantially constructed, and the people are evidently here to stay. To-day it is a hodge-podge of a town. It has all kinds of buildings, made of all sorts of materials thrown together in all sorts of shapes. The town lies on the sides of the hills. It is laid out along wide streets which are filled with dust in the summer and which in the winter become almost rivers of mud. Some of the shops in the business section are more like store boxes than houses. You can stand on the sidewalk and almost reach over the roofs. Others are substantial two-story brick buildings, and an excavation is now being made for a hotel which will cost $100,000 to build. The cellar has to be dug out with blasting powder, and every foot of the rock is drilled and blown out with dynamite. There is gold in the granite that is thrown out, it is true, but it is of too low a grade to pay for smelting it. A little further on rock has been blasted out for a mining exchange, and good buildings are going up in every part of the town. All of the main streets have wide board walks, which are filled with men from daylight until midnight, and along which you may see many people moving during the wee small hours of the morning. What a cosmopolitan crowd it is that walks these streets! There are Frenchmen, Germans, English and Americans; cowboys from the West and tenderfeet from the East, moving along to and fro, trying to keep out of the dust. There are men in velveteens, with laced boots coming up to their knees, and there are men in homespun who tramp past you in cowhides. There is the plug hat of the Wall street broker, the bicycle cap of the clerk and the sombrero of the bad man from Texas mixed in and out with the mass. Every one moves fast. There is some pushing and shoving, but you are surprised at the good order everywhere kept. Now and then you hear a man swear, but there is no shooting, no yelling and abundant good nature. This is the mining camp of 1896 and not that of 1849.

HOMES OF CRIPPLE CREEK.

Back from the business streets you see the homes of Cripple Creek. The hills about the stores for a radius of half a mile on each side are dotted with huts, cabins and frame houses of all descriptions. Some are respectable cottages, costing hundreds of dollars. Others are mere store boxes, covered with red roofing paper, tacked on to keep out the rain. The most of the houses are still unpainted, and the fresh yellow pine shines out amid the shacks which are covered with this roofing cloth of red or pink. There are many log cabins. These are flat-roofed, and the earth is filled up around their walls to keep out the rain. There is so little dampness here, you can sleep on the ground, and the only danger is from the cold winds of the winter. Some of the frame houses are of the shape and size of a street car without wheels, and others are mere sheds, knocked up for the time. There are hundreds of people living in tents, and there are boarding tents and lodging tents, in which from fifty to sixty men pay from 25 to 50 cents a night for a cot and a cover. Rents are high in Cripple Creek. There are no vacant stores or houses, though building is going on everywhere. Some stores, which are not more than eight feet square, rent for from $60 to $100 a month, and any kind of a sleeping room would cost you from $5 to $6 a week. Real estate is very active, and the town is now being built with the best of public improvements. About $3,000 a month are spent in improving the streets by blasting away the rocks by dynamite. A number of new school buildings are going up, and there are five different religious organizations which propose to erect new churches. The town has a Y. M. C. A., a Salvation Army, and its police organization is such that a lady might walk along through its business streets at any hour of the night and not be insulted. There are many nice families living here, and some neighborhoods are as good as you will find in any part of the country.

So much for the bright side of Cripple Creek. The camp has also its darker side. I am told that it is not worse than that of other rich mining camps, but it is bad enough, and, to say the least, it is a disgrace to Colorado and the United States. Along the main business street nearly every other house is a saloon, and in these saloons gambling goes on from daylight until dark and from dark until daylight. There are all kinds of games to catch the money of the miners. You can play any kind of a stake, from 5 cents to $1,000, and, in addition to faro, roulette and poker, there are wheels of fortune, policy games and games of craps. The miners work only eight hours, and as the work goes on day and night in each mine, three corps of miners being employed throughout twenty-four hours at eight-hour shifts, there are always crowds upon the streets, and the saloons are always full.

Each saloon, it is safe to say, has at least three gambling games going on within it, and, as the saloons number about eighty, there must be at least 240 games at which you can lose your money in the town. All sorts of vice are licensed. The saloons, I am told, pay $600 a year for the privilege of selling liquor, and every game pays its license of $10 a month, so you see the town has an income of about $48,000 a year from its saloons, and of nearly $30,000 a year from gambling.

IN THE DANCE HALLS.

It is on "Easy street" that you find the most of the dance halls of Cripple Creek. There are dozens of these in the town, and they would be a disgrace to any Christian community. You enter a saloon, at the back of which is a big room, in which a screeching band plays. The saloon, at filled with men and women, some sober, some half drunk, others tottering with intoxication. The women are young and not a few are pretty. Some wear long Mother Hubbards, some are even more scantily clad. The faces of all are flushed with drink, and some of the women almost stagger as they push their way in and out among the men, begging them to dance and drink with them. In most cases the man refuse, for many are here only to see. There is no charge for the dancing, but the man who dances is expected to treat his partner, and the girls are held out as a bait to sell the liquor and to get the drunken miners to gamble. Stop a moment and watch the dance! There are quadrilles and waltzes, and cowboys, with their hats on, are hopping about in heavy boots over the board floors and swinging their drunken partners. Listen a moment and you can hear their conversation. It is not fit to print, and oaths and slang are mixed with the vilest of language. I have seen some of the famous wicked dances of the world. I have been in the Moulin Rouge in Paris, and have seen the can-can, but this is worse. The Parisian's vice is to a certain extent refined and hidden. Here it is open and disgusting in the extreme.

CRIPPLE CREEK CHAUTAUQUA.

Gambling goes on everywhere. There is a faro game now being played in the back of the Cripple Creek Hotel. Bills are scattered around the streets advertising free keno rolls, and there are club rooms to enter which you must know the password, and in which high games are played. One such club is known as the Chautauqua. I have lectured at Bishop Vincent's great Chautauqua summer school at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y. It is one of the chief Christian institutions of the world, and it has its branch circles in almost every county of the United States. In walking down the street the other day with a newspaper friend I saw the sign "Chautauqua" above a door across the street, and I said that I would like to go over and call and pay my respects to the members of the circle. A queer smile came over the newspaper man's features as he said:

"All right, I am a member of that Chautauqua, and I will introduce you." We entered a narrow hall, through one door of which I could see into a saloon where at least five hundred men were gambling. We passed this and went upstairs and stopped before a door which was closed. "I have a key," said my newspaper friend, as he opened the door with a night key and let me into a large parlor on the tables of which were papers from all parts of the world. I saw a copy of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, a Harper's Weekly and the Chautauqua Magazine, and next to them lay a copy of the Police Gazette. Before I could realize how such an ungodly paper as the latter came to be taken by a Chautauqua circle, a tall, thin, gentlemanly young man, with a brown mustache and cold blue eyes, came in. I was introduced to him as the manager of the Chautauqua. He gave me words of welcome in a voice like oil, and asked me to step into the next room. I did so, and I there saw the biggest and most popular social circle in Cripple Creek. It was a literary circle to some extent, and its members were hard at work. They sat about little tables, each with several leaflets in his hand. As I looked I saw that the leaflets were illustrated. They were covered with red and black spots and with pictures of kings, queens and knaves. It was a poker chautauqua, and the chips on the table represented many dollars. In another part of the room was what I thought at my first entrance an object-lesson class standing around what seemed to me to be a model of Jerusalem or some ancient city. The professor sat down as he lectured. I drew nearer. The professor was a croupier, and the wheel he was turning was not a model of Jerusalem, but that which has lost so many greenhorns so much money in the game of roulette. The scholars were the players, and the money on the table showed me that the game was a high one. A young fellow from Philadelphia came into this Chautauqua one night. He had but a few dollars, but he began to bet on the red and black. Luck was in his favor and he doubled his stakes. He left the money on the table, changing it from one color to the other now and then. It was doubled again and again until he had at last won $16,000. This was all the cash the bank had on hand. The croupier stopped the game and went out and got $20,000. He brought this in and dared the young gambler to put up his $16,000 on a single turn of the wheel and to double it or lose. The Philadelphian, however, replied that he had got enough and that he did not care to play any longer. He took his money off with him to lose it, in all probability, in some future game. The majority of the gamblers lose in the end. The percentage in every game played here is in favor of the bank, and the most of the games are swindles out and out.

And still Cripple Creek is in some respects an orderly town. You can keep out of all this vice if you will, or if you cultivate it too much it may possibly land you in jail. There are better jails than that of Cripple Creek. The visit I paid to the prison was just before the fire. The marshal took me to the police station, a building which looked for all the world like the tower of a windmill boarded up. We passed through this and at its back, in a little shed, I found the jail. There were at least a dozen prisoners, who were caged up like so many wild animals. The whole twelve were kept inside of an iron framework made of two-inch bars crossed like a lattice work and bound together so as to form two tiers of cages, and so that you could look through all of the cages at once. Each cage was just about high enough for a man to stand upright within it, and each contained from two to three men. There was no chance for seclusion or privacy for any one. All were housed in together, and a burglar and a murderer slept side by side with two foolish drunken boys who had raised a row at a dance hall the other night.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE NEGLECTED WAIFS

WORK OF BOARD OF CHILDREN'S GUARDIANS' HOME.

Little Nellie Black, Whose Grandfather Found Her, Sends Her Friends Orange Blossoms.

A recent visit to the Board of Children's Guardians' Home for Children developed some interesting facts. The work of the institution is carried on under very systematic arrangements. The first work of the kind was simply done as a venture. The home was at various places in the city; but finally, three years ago, it was established at the extreme eastern end of the Virginia avenue and Prospect-street car line. Rev. Mr. Hyde, Mr. Frank Flanner, Mr. Charles Coffin, Mrs. Anna Reaume, Mrs. Henry Severin and Mrs. Julia Goodhart comprise the members of the board. The object of the institution is to give neglected children of the county a home, both in word and spirit. The board employs an agent to place the children in homes and look after them after they have been taken. If they are not cared for properly and sent to school, the home takes them back again. An officer is employed to look up the cases of neglected children and report them to the board. An attorney is provided by the board who tries the cases, and all decisions are made by the Circuit Judge. The parents, relatives or guardians of the little waifs reported are given opportunity to defend themselves, and if they can prove themselves capable of caring for the children they are allowed to keep them.

A regular teacher, Miss Carroll, is supplied by the school board. She stays at the home and teaches the children in their own school room. The home is a large two-story brick building, built substantially, containing fourteen rooms and heated by a steam furnace, with natural gas for lights. The walls are painted in light colors. Mrs. Josephine Purcell, the matron, led the way to the parlor, a pretty room, brightened by a large vase of flowers, an open piano, and two or three paintings on the walls. From this room double doors open to the school-room. Across from this is the nursery, while just beyond them both is the dining room. Separate play grounds are provided for the boys and girls of the home, with plenty of shade, swings and all sorts of toys to play with. They have numerous holidays, chief among them being, in the summer time, the fresh-air missions to Fairview Park.

At present there are forty-one children in the home, ranging in ages from four months to eighteen years. The girls are taught housework, and, since the home owns no land, the boys obtain positions in stores while not in school. Two of them are now in the New York store, one in the cash department and one in the wrapping room.

"The children are found in all sorts of conditions and in all sorts of out-of-the-way places," said the matron. "We take them up the back stairs and bathe them thoroughly, wash and comb them and dress them in clean clothing before we bring them down among the other children. This prevents embarrassment, as most children are sensitive. Some of them have never seen a bathtub, and are afraid to get into it, but after having once enjoyed the pleasing experience they are always anxious to repeat it. That little one," pointing to a child about three years old, lying asleep on a couch, "had one of the worst tempers I ever saw when she first came here, all due to her vicious surroundings. Tender care and cheerful companions have made her a different child. It is remarkable what a complete transformation home-like environments will produce. The children, their needs and requirements become a part of myself. I follow them as they leave the home."

She then showed a letter from little Nellie Black, whose grandfather, Dr. Pfenigar, of California, recently found her at the home and who took her to live with him. The child is happy, and sent some large bunches of orange blossoms and leaves with some seamoss to her little friends. Dr. Prenigar has promised to remember the home in some substantial way after the sale of some of his property. In many instances relatives of the children are found who are amply able to care for them, and who are willing to do so if the home will legally transfer them.

"It has been my experience," continued the matron, "to have the most trouble with the worthless parents or guardians from whom we take the children. They annoy us continually, and in a hundred different ways. It is for this reason that well-to-do relatives are chary of taking the children of wretched parents."

A look through the five dormitories upstairs revealed clean, neat white beds and dainty cradles. Down stairs in the school-room a dozen strong, healthy-looking boys and girls were "playing school," turning picture books and laughing as if each of them was innocent of a history in miserable surroundings. Since the work of the home is constantly increasing there is great need for more house room, besides grounds, where the kitchen vegetables could be raised.

He Was Provided For.

Washington Times.

"I am training myself for an editor," timidly remarked the young widow, as she approached the editor's desk.

"I am sorry, madam, but it is useless for you to waste your time on me; I already have a wife and six children."

THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

VALUE OF THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW IN HUMAN AFFAIRS.

A Beautiful Sermon by the Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, of the First Unitarian Church, Helena, Mont.

"Made perfect through suffering."—Heb. xi, 10.

The discipline of sorrow lies in the manner in which we meet it. We are not to shun it as a curse or welcome it as a blessing; nor are we to accept it as a fatality. We are to overcome it and thereby become enriched by the bitterness experienced. It is neither to be sought nor feared, but turned to account. We are neither to pray for affliction, nor to wilt at its coming; and yet, when it does come, we may find it an opportunity for growth in new graces, because it calls new powers into action along new lines.

We must not think that sorrow, as sorrow, has any magic power to bring forth in us a nobler fruitage of life. The discipline comes from the way that we carry ourselves through our pain and trial. It arises from the use we make of the experience that sorrow brings. Misfortune sometimes softens the heart, and it sometimes turns it into stone. While neither sent as the expression of hate, nor devised primarily for discipline, yet sorrow is a great and beneficent teacher, if we are alert enough and right-minded enough to learn from it.

John Howard felt it a great disaster to be thrown into a French dungeon; but when there he used his experience to advantage. There was born that interest in prison reform which made him the world's greatest benefactor. Some noble soul like his had actually to partake of those horrors of prison life before the battle for humanity could begin. Disciplined by that sorrow, Howard became the apostle of mercy.

The same lesson we read in the life of Pinel. A severe grief fell upon him when his dear friend became insane and he was sent to the asylum. But his friend's sickness was not a visitation of wrath to punish him for unbelief; nor was it a providence contrived especially to discipline him in sympathy. It was a sorrow that went deep into his heart, not to abide as a root of bitterness, but as a seed of life. It was a door of opportunity through which Pinel passed to one of the divinest ministries of human life—the better care of the insane. He was taught by his own heartache to do monumental deeds for the afflicted children of men. He was disciplined by his own tears to do something to wipe away tears from the eyes of the unfortunate.

Thus, sorrow often opens before us a new point of view from which our estimate of life is corrected and enlarged. It introduces us to ourselves and the world in such a way as to teach us the wisdom of humility and tenderness. It challenges new activities and brings up from unstirred depths of our nature a strength of patience and endurance of which we had not dreamed. It opens doors of service before unseen, it gives opportunity to powers before unused. Neither to be foolishly sought, nor to be unheroically shunned, yet when sorrow comes by the inevitable pressure of circumstances, it is to be used, conquered and turned to account for the glory of God, which is the good of man.

What I see when I appeal to human experience is this: Sorrow does often bring an enrichment of life to be derived from no other source. The mystery of it is often dark, the reason of it is not always clear, but the result is evident. Through that discipline man does ascend to a diviner life. The invalid in the leisure of weakness, in the solitude of privation, and in the struggle with pain, sees and feels and learns and grows along lines of life which bring more wisdom and grace and sympathy and strength than ever come to the man who has never felt a grief or shed a tear. Through sorrow and suffering the heart is softened; we learn to feel for others; our selfishness loses itself in sympathy and thoughtfulness for those in trouble, affliction and pain. So true is it that in the depths of sorrow men are often prepared for the hights of life, and by the blows of adversity they are wrought into spiritual beauty.

We often exclaim: That person cannot find life worth living; crippled, helpless, or blind for years! Surely there is nothing in life for such an unfortunate! And yet, how often a close aquaintance makes us feel that after all we are the unfortunate ones! For we find there, strange as it may seem, a serene peace, a deep contentedness, a wisdom of the spirit, before which we stand in awe, mingled with shame over the fretfulness of our own lives. The fact is that this person has learned the worth of life through its privations, and by the exercise of the will in meeting distresses has found the secret of serenity.

The angelic faces are found where worldly wisdom would never look for them. They belong to the mothers who have hardly known a day without a heartache, to invalids who have seldom known an hour without a pain, to children who have never passed a day without a burden. Though regular in feature and perfect in complexion, how meaningless are human faces until molded and lighted up by experience. And whence come the light and beauty when they do appear? From struggle with adversity, from passion conquered, from victory over selfishness, from burdens borne and sorrows mastered. It is a constant surprise to me, illustrating the marvelous compensations of providence, to see the most beautiful smile where there have been great privations and hardships.

How often are we moved to say of some person: He knows nothing about life, for he has had no great sorrow. He has never known what it is to surrender himself, to bear burdens for others, or to know himself through tears and heartaches. For it is true that there are transporting visions of the spirit that are never beheld, except as we look up through our falling tears; there are precious lessons that we never learn, except as our hearts are brought to feel the bitterness of defeat or the agony of a profaned affection.

In the face of this problem we are, at least, taught humility and trust. We see only the smallest fragment, not the universe in its entirety, and even the fragment we only dimly comprehend. The boy cannot see why he should study when it is such good weather for play; so what seems very mysterious in our feeble twilight may in the light of eternity be swept into the oblivious orbit of an infinite love. The solution which a practical common sense finds and lives upon is this: In a hundred incidents of life the loving kindness is evident, and in the one where it is not it is rational from the larger experience to infer that it is there, if not apparent.

It is thus that we walk on through the temporary darkness in faith that all is well, because we have walked in the light where we knew that everything was well. And yet, in this region of mystery, a few things are evident to our dim and narrow vision. Such calamities as earthquakes are